

Inamorata,

Engaged

and Home.

BY JOHN PENNIE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
BURDICK & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.
1886.

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INAMORATA.

J. PENNIE, JR.

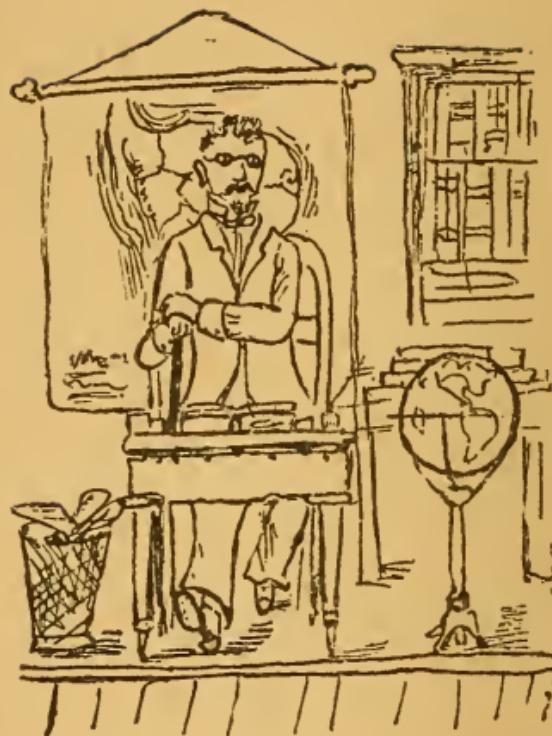
Around the Normal school
Cupid led me like a fool,
 There to await her,
My Amour, with braided hair,
Lithe step and face so fair,
 And waist so taper.



Her jaunty hat and feather,
But mocked the icy weather,
That bleak December;
For her face was all aglow,
Like roses, hid in snow,
I well remember.



I was wrapped in ulster coat,
And buttoned to the throat,
As warm as could desire;
But the glow her smile awoke
Was warmer far than coat—
Another kind of fire.



The Professor of yon school
Has an arbitrary rule—
A sin, thought I, it is—
“That the girls can’t have a beau’
Or us fellows ever know
So sweet affinities.



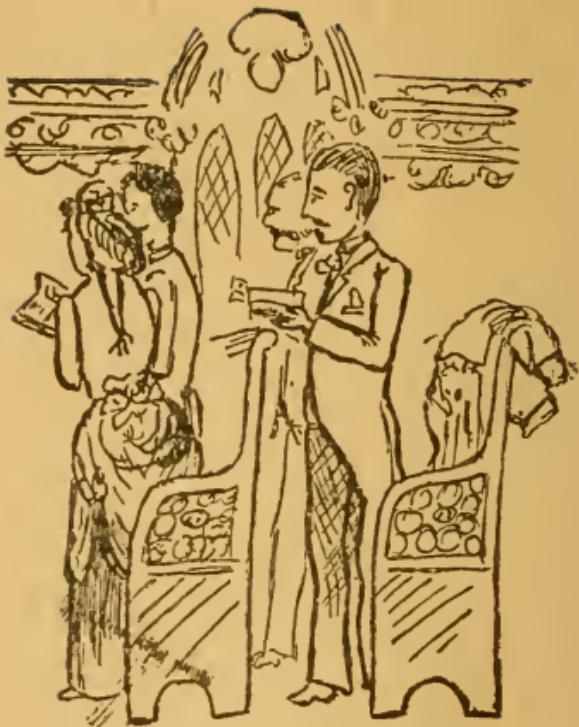
She's gone her way to church,
I follow in the lurch
 To seek, to find her;
I espy the sexton's pate,
Now he leads me to my fate—
 A seat behind her.



The bow beneath her chin
Did her caresses win
That I did covet.
A little curlycue,
Neglected strayed in view;
I could but love it.



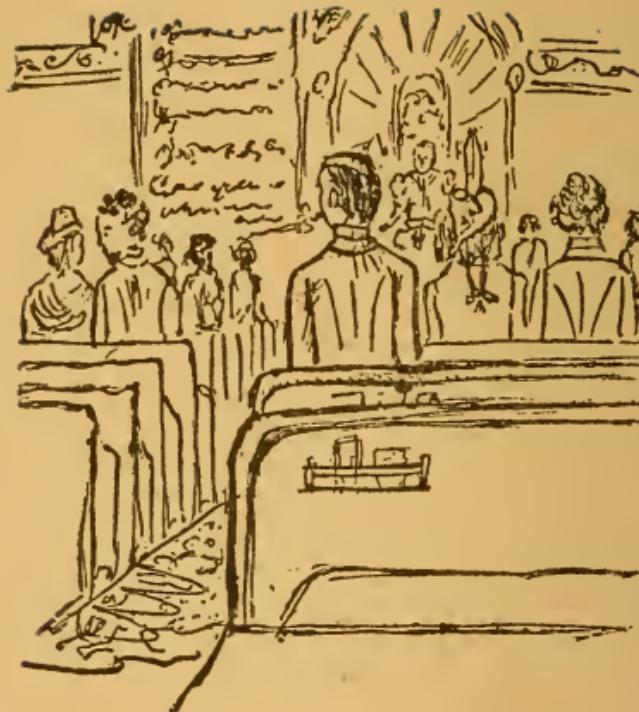
As on the anxious seat,
As a bee to sip a sweet,
Waited I an hour,
And was glad that not a drone,
That thither buzzed alone,
Saw my fair flower.



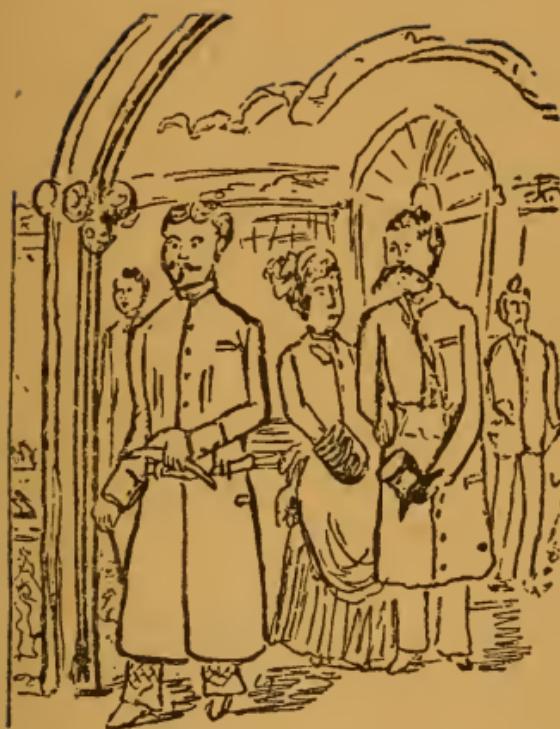
Ah! she may understand,
When I shall take her hand,
And, pressing, tell her
How envying I beheld her,
With head bent nigh the shoulder
Of another 'fellow.'



The sermon was of love
And happy home above,
One, lonely-ones desire!
My sentiments they were
Just in regard to her,
Or I'm a—a squire.



E'en the stained window pane,
Subdued in colors, came
And kissed the altar;
Men whispered to their wives,
So peaceful seemed their lives,
Why should I falter?



At last the sermon 's over,
Now for my suit in trover—
 Possession evermore.
I'll out beneath the portal
And speak to yonder mortal
 Coming through the door.



But, like a cat with back up,
A fellow with his hat up,
 Came simpering to her;
And together off they walk
And there left me to stalk
 A solitary viewer.



I leaned against a post,
Laid out as any ghost
By a confessor,
When the sexton said to me
With a grinning sympathy:
“Dot voz ze professor.”



It is evident you see,
That he has an eye on me,
And cut my story short;
She smiled, and so I waited,
But when she graduated
We set his rules at naught.



So, my bliss was made complete
In the sequel, now replete
With love—delighted
Thus my Daphne I pursued,
Persuaded her and wooed,
And was requited.



ENGAGED.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Your Reporter rang the bell,
For a sensation or "a sell,"
And said with courteous bend
" Young man! I am your friend
And represent the press,
Editor, 'sub,' more or less.
Is't true that your engagement
Was preceded by estrangement ?
Gossip and Rumor has a bet
And say the miff's not settled yet;
So in words just as they ran
Will you state how it began ?
To remove a wrong impression
Is the pride of our profession ;
Besides it is within our power
To make you Hero of the hour."
"Thanks," he replied, and "yes, ha, ha!
There was a slight prelusive spar,



And in words just as they ran
You shall hear how it began,
As in course of conversation,
In a spirit of flirtation,
I said, 'Charming Carrie!
Would you consent to marry
A fellow like myself?
'Cause if you would I'll tarry
And inform you of the Elf;
Of his pedigree, anon,
I'll acquaint you further on—
He is a tall young fellow,
About my size and height,
I tell you he adores you,
He does upon my life
And wants a wife.'



Incidentally I sighed
As she in smiles replied,
'Why, Cousin John, who is the man,
Why who, who can it be,
O, yes! perhaps I'd marry
If he's deep in love with me,
And young and gay and handsome,
And in finances well-to-do.
If so, just introduce him,
I'll grant an interview,
—Especial—if it's true.'



I gave another sigh,
Shall it be he or I ?
She sang—it was so very sweet
I was carried off my feet.
I pride myself on my attire,
But hers—a Langtry might admire.
So gazing sentimentally
I whispered confidentially,
'Why, Carrie, dear! you have him here,
One whose contour equals mine.
Ah, yes! he loves you, never fear—
Both rich and suitable—in fine
The bon-ton of the fashion
Admits for you a passion.
No, no! he would not wed or woo
Without enough for two
I positively know.'



Then hurriedly said she
To end my misery,
Yes, hurriedly as 'twere,
She said without demur,
'Dear Cousin John! let it be done
With moderate haste, but no delay,
Lest you repent'—she softly smiled—
'Or I elope with—Oscar Wilde.
But, you must *never* love another,
Or wander, ever far.
Shall I break the news to mother
While you inform papa?
It's quite proper.'



Too precipitate by far—
Confound her old papa!
Now perceive my position,
There was no such proposition;
So to amend, I said, 'It is my friend
That I was to inquire for,
A fellow like myself,' no more;
(With straightest face, in accents sad)
When, deuce take it! she was mad.
The carpet and her little toe
Alarming beat a quick tat-too,
And the piano gave a croak
As tho' a storm it would invoke.
'Twas a very serious thing, you know,
But such mistakes will happen so;
The case was one, you plainly see,
Of error in identity—
Ignoring *him* for me.



Words of explanation
Failed to sooth the irritation,
So, 'Adieu,' said I; 'to-night
I'll introduce the rover,
And if he don't set matters right
I'll—no! I'll think the matter over.'
My button-hole bouquet she crushed,
She'd sing no more nor would she play,
Her face was warmer than a blush,
So, I thought I would away;
Pug growled, as tho' he'd like to know
If I were a friend or foe.
I had called to stay to tea,
But concluded not to wait,
My friend you see awaited me
And it was rather late,
I thought, and hot.



‘He was my college chum,
High-toned and worth a plum,
(His silver mine ran in my mind,
No gammon or bravado);
He’s on a tour a wife to find
To take to Colorado.
He doesn’t want an *ancient relic*
In one that he would marry,
But something lovely, half angelic,
Just such as you are, Carrie.
Society your charms would ring
And everybody envy him.



So cousin dearest mine!
Expect us here by nine,'
Said I, lingering with a sigh,
When some one bowed across the way.
It *was* Oscar Wilde! the esthetic.
I saw him smile a sickly sweet
As he held his hat in air,
At *such a time*, it made me stare,
He seemed to promenade the street
Awaiting my retreat,
Whilst I within, as 'twere,
Determined not to stir.



‘Carrie! ’ said I, ‘I pray
Don’t throw yourself away,
Don’t for a royal-purple scion
Take a mere yellow dandelion,
You’ll admit ’twould be quite silly
To consort it with the lily.
I have reasons why and wherefore,
That you must not, darling, therefore
Will you listen in the parlour ? ’
Ah! there we talked the matter over ;
Said she, ‘ We met at the DeBrant’s,
Where he and I the Lanciers danced.
He’ll make advances, I’ve no doubt,
Unless *you* propose to keep him out.’
I did! — for like a bird that’s caged,
I stayed— we are engaged.



Pug frisked about in joyous mood,
It seemed as if he understood;
Her pa and ma assented
And thus our spat has ended.
I checked Oscar's assumption
And just snubbed his presumption.
She prefers, now, no other posies
To my mignonette and roses;
No sunflower or fever-fue,
Or Ox-eyed daises with their phew,
But her olfactory nerves inhale
Selected sweets from Flora's vale.
He may regale himself awaiting
Noses less discriminating,
While my petite 'Chere Cherie'
Reciprocates with me.



Be on the Boulevard at five,
For to-day we take a drive,
And there within my Phaeton
You may see this lovely maiden.
Her friends say, and her mother,
We were destined for each other.
You'll be discreet, in your report,
And mention—for perhaps you ought—
There's quite a flutter, all declare,
In fashion's circles—debonair—
From—from the fact no doubt,
That, *our cards are out.*"



Adieu was said, and au revoir,
I wished him joy, and, ta ta!

— *John Pennie, Jr.,*
Albany, N. Y.

HOME.

BY JOHN PENNIE, JR.

[*Version of "Home, Sweet Home."*]

Ah! why do I wander so far from my home,
Dear place where so patient they wait till I come,
Those precious, those fond ones so linked to my lot,
Have made it an Eden, a hallowed spot.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

'Twas the care of their welfare, the toil of the day,
That drew me reluctant from loved ones away.
But oh! for its harbor, its shelter from storm,
Where care is excluded, to rest me at home.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

There fond arms are open, my pets how
they cling,
And with kisses they hug me tho'
nothing I bring—
I'll bear my load bravely, its burdens to
come,
For love and my kindred expect me at
home.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

In my wandering forever for them do I
sigh,
In my dreaming oft see them—believe
they are nigh,
Their sweet voices greet me, they seem
within call
To share my confidings, the dearest of
all.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

Hope mirrors to me their fair faces
again,
In our dwelling contented and thatched
from the rain.
No scene is so tranquil, no bliss like its
balm,

That comes in my sadness—sweet vision
of home.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

There, sorrows are soothed as by angels
above,
There, are borne my misfortunes with
pity and love,
And a joy to this heart shall its memor-
ies be
For home, thy endearments are precious
to me.

Home, Home! sure 'twas given
To be like Heaven—resemble Heaven.

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